

THE
ADDRESS
OF
John Dryden,
LAUREAT
TO
HIS HIGHNESS
THE
Prince of Orange.



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THE
 ADDRESS
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IN all the *Hosannas*, our whole World's applause,
 Illustrious Champion of our Church and Laws,
 Accept, great *Nassau*, from unworthy me,
 Amongst the adoring Crowd, a bended Knee;
 Nor scruple, Sir, to hear my Ecchoing Lyre,
 Strung, tun'd, and joyn'd to th' Universal Quire:
 For my suspected Mouth thy Glories told,
 A known Out-lyer from the *English* Fold,

Rome's Votary, the Protestants sworn Foe,

Rome my Religion half an hour ago:

My *Roman* Dragon's by thy Arm o'rethrown;

And now my Prostituted Soul's thy own:

Thy Glory could convert that Infidel

That had whole Ages stood immov'le

No wonder then thou could'st Affections sway

In tender Breasts, like mine, such plyant Clay,

As cou'd even bear new moulding every day;

Nor doubt thy Convert true, I who cou'd raise

Immortal Trophies, even to *Cromwell's* Praise;

I who my Muses Infant Quill cou'd fledge,

With high-sung Murder, Treason, Sacrilege.

A Martyr'd Monarch and an enslav'd Nation,

A Kingdoms shame the whole Worlds Execration,

By me translated even to a Constellation.

If thus all this I cou'd unblushing write,

Fear not that Pen that shall thy Praise indite;

When High-born Blood my Adoration draws,

Exalted Glory and unblemish'd Cause:

A Theme so all Divine my Muse shall wing,

What is't for thee, great Prince, I will not sing?

No Bounds shall stop my *Pegasean* flight,

Ile spot my Hind, and make my Panther white.

Against the Seven proud Hills I'll Muster all
 My Keen Poetick Rage, and Rhime with all
 The Vengeance of a Second *Hannibal*.

The Papal Chair by dint of Verse o'return,
 My Molten Gods, like *Israel's* Calf, I'll burn.
 Copes, Crostiers, all the Trumpery of *Rome*,
 Down to great *Waller's* blazing Hecatomb.

I'll pound my Beads to Dust, and wear no more
 Those Pagan Bracelets of the Scarlet Whore.

But whither am I wrapt! for oh my Fears!

I bend beneath the weight of Sixty years;

Low runs my Glas, more low my aged Muse,

And to my Will, alas! does Pow'r refuse.

But if, Great Prince, my feeble Strength shall fail,

Thy Theme I'll to my Successors entail;

My Heirs th'unfinish'd Subject shall compleat:

I have a Son, and He, by all that's Great,

That very Son (and trust my Oaths, I swore

As much to my Great Master *James* before),

Shall by his Sire's Example, *Rome* renounce,

For he, young Stripling, yet has turn'd but once.

That *Oxford* Nursling, that sweet hopeful Boy,

His Father's, and that once *Ignatian* Joy;

B

Design'd

Design'd for a new *Bellarmin Goliah* ,
 Under the great *Gamaliel Obadiab*.
 This Youth, Great Sir, shall your Fames Trumpet blow,
 And Soar when my dull Wings shall flag below.
 A Protestant *Herculean* Column stand
 When I, a poor weak Pillar of the Land ,
 Now growing Old , and crumbling into Sand.
 But hark ! methinks, I hear the buzzing Crowd
 At my Conversion dare to Laugh aloud.
 Let censuring Fops, and snarling Envy grin,
 Tickled and pleas'd with my *Camelion* Skin.
 No senseless Fools my true Dimensions scan ,
 And know the *Laureat's* a *Leviathan*.
 Now *Tiber's* Mouth Ebbs low, and on that Shore,
 My rowling Bulk, alas, can Sport no more :
 Down the full Tide I scour , to take a loose
 In the more swelling Surge of *Helvert Sluce*.
 Let Chattering Daws, and every senseless Widgeon,
 Their Descant pass on that great Name, *Religion*.
Religion, by true Polititian Rules,
 The Wise man's Strength, and the weak Pride of Fools.

For

For we, who Godliness for gain, support
 Heavens Votaries for Candidates at Court,
 Makes our Churchwalls, our Rampart, Sconce and Fort. }

Our *Masses*, *Dirges*, *Vespers*, *Orisons*,
 Our Counterscarps, our Rav'lins, and half Moons.
 And now our *Ave Mary's* put to th'rout,
 And from that Bastion I am beaten out,
 I'm but retiring to a new Redoubt. }

Why should I blush to turn, when my Defence
 And Plea's so plain? For if Omnipotence
 Be th' highest Attribute that Heav'n can boast,
 That's the tru'st Church, that Heav'n resembles most.
 The Tables then are turn'd; and 'tis confess'd
 The Strongest and the Mightiest is the Best.
 In all my Changes I'm on the Right side,
 And by the same great Reason justifi'd.
 When the bold *Crescent* lately attack'd the *Cross*,
 Resolv'd the Empire of the World t'engross,
 Had tottering *Vienna's* Walls but fail'd,
 And *Turkey* over *Christendom* prevail'd,
 Long e're this I had cross'd the *Dardanello*,
 And sate the Mighty *Mahomet's* Hail Fellow,

Quitting

Quitting my duller Hopes, the poor Renown
 Of *Eaton-College*, or a *Dublin-Gown*,
 And commenc'd Graduate in the Great *Divan*,
 Had reign'd a more Immortal *Musselman*.
 No Art, Pain, Labour, Toil, too much t'affail
 Heav'ns Tow'ry Battlements. By Heav'n I'd fail
 Through all Religions, Church o'r Churches mounted,
 More than the Rounds that *Jacob's Ladder* counted.
 Has this stupendious Revolution past
 A Change so quick, and I not turn as fast?
 Let bogling Conscience shock the squeamish Fool,
 Poor crazy Animals, whose Stomachs pule.
 Shall scrup'lous Test disgust their Paschal stickle,
 Whether true dress'd, in Soufe, in Broth, or Pickie?
 If *Muscadine* runs low, I'm not so dull,
 But I can pledge Salvation in *Lambs-Wool* :
 And if Salvation to One Church is bound,
 So much the rather would I change all round.
 Change then can be no fault ; a whole Life long
 Kept in One Church, may always be i'th' wrong :
 But there where Conscience circles in her flight,
 He who's of all Sides, must be once i'th' right.

F I N I S.

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